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TIRIED.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There I am weary with this walk
Unclasp your hand, its power is passed,
And you can thrill me with your talk
No more, for I am weary at last.

Kiss me, and let me lie here so,
With eyes that ache for sleep and se
No longer; leave me alone and go,
And look not back for love of me.

I am too fat to now retrace,
And all too weak to follow through;
But, kiss and cover up my face,
And I no more shall burden you.

You will be freer, while behind
I lie here slumbering out of use;
And oh, my friend, who follow, find,
But those that linger, they shall lose.

The Masked Miner

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILEKEN CORD," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

LORDLY WEALTH AND HONEST POVERTY.

DESPITE the fact that the old miner had told Fairleigh Somerville that his time was precious to him, yet it was nearly twelve o'clock that night before he arose from his chair, opposite Tom Worth, who sat on the other side of the open, glowing grate, and said:

"That man, Somerville, is a rascal, Tom; but, now we'll go to bed; 'tis late."

In a few moments the light was extinguished, and there was silence in the miner's cabin.

The conversation that night between Tom Worth and his friend, old Ben Walford, was a long one—an earnest one.

More than once the old miner had uttered an exclamation of surprise, and once, in a lull, he had said:

"I tell you again, Tom, that Somerville is no friend of yours! He has money, too, and, if occasion comes, will use it against you! Do you know of any reason why he should have this spite against you?"

"He knows that I am your friend, Ben, and that neither of us would quit our old employers, and go into the 'Great Alleghany.' That is the reason—perhaps."

Tom Worth had said that "perhaps" significantly—in fact, as if he, himself, did not believe what he was saying; but old Ben had not noticed this.

The night passed—the gray dawn of darkness was rolling away from the black bosoms of the three rivers, uniting three in one.

From the numerous cabins on the mountain-side dark forms were issuing, and already the lofty, narrow ledge-paths of the tall hill were lively with groups of sooty miners hurrying along to their work, to relieve the "night-shift."

From the door of Ben Walford's little cabin Tom Worth and his sturdy old friend had some time since gone out. They were faithful laborers and early risers, and lingered not when the hours of work were upon them.

They took their way rapidly along the murky path, exchanging monosyllabic words of greeting with their fellow-workmen hastening on, like them, to bury themselves the live-long day deep down in the pits, and galleries, and levels of the coal mines.

Our two friends reached the shaft, and, having lit the little lamps attached to their hats, were about to enter the bucket to be lowered away, when the overseer called Tom Worth to him and gave him a letter, telling him it had come to the office late the night before.

The young man took the missive, and, drawing to one side, tore it open and read it. As his eyes fell on the hard, smooth page and glanced over the black, business-like characters written thereon, the young man started; but he read on, until he had finished it. Then, drawing respectfully near the overseer, he said:

"I would like to be excused to-day, Mr. Hayhurst. Mr. Harley wishes to see me, sir."

"Very good, Tom; but be back as soon as you can; you know you missed yesterday." The overseer spoke kindly.

"Yes, sir; but, sir, you can stop my wages for the two days, sir," said Tom.

"Stop your wages! Not a bit of it, my man! Not a bit of it! We all know, Tom, he continued, "of your gallantry of night before last on the mountain, and no man who can do such deeds shall have his pay stopped for any cause." The overseer spoke promptly and decidedly. The men standing around showed their approval in a loud murmur; but old Ben Walford said right out:

"Spoken like a man—as we all know you to be—Mr. Hayhurst! Good-by, Tom!" he continued, stepping into the large "cage" after the other men; "we'll expect you soon," and the huge bucket, with a creak and a rattle, disappeared from view.

Tom Worth, now all alone, for the overseer had turned into the coal-breaker, drew out the letter, and by the light still burning from the lamp on his hat, again perused the missive. It was not a long communication, and it read as follows:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



BY THE LIGHT STILL BURNING FROM THE LAMP ON HIS HAT, HE PERUSED THE MISSIVE.

nerve. It is hardly possible that you have not an opinion in this matter. Tell me if you have."

Tom Worth pondered again, his face was very serious, and now and then it contracted, as thought after thought crowded through his mind.

"I am a poor man, Mr. Harley, though thus far I am an honest one; but, sir," he said suddenly, "my word is nothing when money can be brought against it."

"What mean you?" demanded the old gentleman.

"And my opinion, coming as it would, from a poor man's lips, is, simply, worth nothing," continued the miner, unheeding the interruption.

"Again, what do you mean?" asked the rich man.

"Though, for all that, I have my opinion, Mr. Harley," said the miner, finishing his sentence, and paying no attention to the old man's questions.

"Well, what is your opinion?" asked Mr. Harley.

"I should have more properly said—*suspicious*, sir," said Worth, quietly.

"Suspicious! and of what?" asked the old gentleman, starting violently.

"Suspicious, sir, as to the motive prompting this fiendish outrage," and the scowl on Tom Worth's face grew blacker; "likewise as to who committed that glaring crime, right here in the midst of a great city," and Tom Worth gazed fixedly and unflinchingly into the rich man's face.

Old Mr. Harley sprung to his feet.

"Say you so, say you so, my good man? Make good your suspicions and surmises, and you can command my purse, for any amount. And here, now, beforehand, for your gallantry on the hill, accept this purse. It contains bank-notes to the amount of \$500. Take it, sir;" and he thrust the well-filled purse into the miner's hands.

But Tom Worth's fingers did not close over that purse, within which the new bank-notes crimped and crackled; he put it away from him with a motion of disgust, with a firmness so decided, that it was almost

irreversible.

"As time is precious with me, Mr. Harley

—I am a laboring man, you know, sir—I will tell you, in a few words, all I know of this painful affair."

"Yes, Mr. Worth, go on."

"I was detained from going to my cabin,

night before last, by certain circumstances, and found myself on the Mount Washington road, up on the ledge. I was seated by the roadside when I heard wheels. The vehicle evidently was going at a rapid pace. I looked up. As I did so, I saw two forms dart out from the roadside, and dash for the carriage—an open buggy. One of the men clutched the horses by the bridle; the other went straight to the carriage. A lady and a gentleman sat in that carriage. A struggle ensued, in which the gentleman either fell from the vehicle, or was hurled from it."

Tom Worth paused as he emphasized "fell," but continued at once:

"The horses took fright, and broke by the man who stood at their head. I had remained still, until now, scarcely able to realize matters. But suddenly my energies were aroused, and as the frightened horses dashed past me, straight for the brink of the precipice, I sprang forward, caught them by the head-reins, and by severe efforts, succeeded in checking them. Pressing them safely back, and quieting them, I approached the carriage. The lady was paralyzed with fear, and that lady, sir, was Gr— your daughter. At that moment I was struck senseless. When I recovered my reason—and an hour must have elapsed—I found on the road save myself."

He paused.

"Is that all you know, my good man, of this terrible affair?"

Tom Worth did not answer at once. As a shade of anxiety passed over his face, he pondered. Then he answered promptly:

"How could I know more, Mr. Harley?

Remember, I had gone down under the blow—that my senses had forsaken me."

"I have breakfasted well."

Mr. Harley started as he heard the words, spoken so courteously—so correctly.

"Your voice sounds strangely familiar to me, Mr. Worth. Have I seen you before?"

Tom Worth paused as he emphasized "before."

"On my own business, sir."

"On my own business, sir."

"All exactly," said Mr. Harley, looking foolish.

Several moments elapsed in silence. Tom Worth, glancing around him, rose to go.

"One moment, one moment, Mr. Worth,"

exclaimed the old gentleman, unwilling to let him go; "have you thought on this subject any—have you formed an opinion?"

Tom Worth reddened again, and bit his lip, viciously; but the angry gesture was hid beneath the heavy mustache that shaded his mouth, and swept down, far over the hirsute chin.

"Many, many miles from here, Mr. Harley; but, sir, 'tis a long story to tell, and my life is far from being an interesting one. You sent for me to make inquiries concerning your daughter?"

The old man felt the rebuke.

"Thank you!" he said deeply, and this time, the real man—the father, spoke; "thank you, Mr. Worth, for your reminder. I sent for you to ask you what you knew of that outrageous affair—of the part you took in it, and to show my gratitude to you, for your noble conduct. Alas! alas! my poor, dear child!"

The miner hesitated, while a dark scowl wrinkled his handsome, honest face; but he sat down again.

"It is not for me, a poor man, an humble miner, Mr. Harley, to have any opinion at all in a matter of this sort. I chanced to be on the mountain, and saw what transpired. Had I not been there, of course I would have known nothing of it," was his singular reply.

"All true, Mr. Worth," continued the old man, still hoping as it were, against hope—longing for some information, however meager, in regard to the whereabouts of his daughter; "but, sir, you are a man of judgment—you must be, from your courage and experience."

"All true, Mr. Worth," he said, looking at the old man with a smile of sympathy.

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"I am a poor man,

and guarded that she heard not a single word, nor even the tones of the men, sufficiently distinct for her to recognize them, if she should know them.

At the end of this conference, the party evidently separated, for the girl heard steps moving away.

Only a few moments elapsed before she recognized the crunching of wheels on the hard road, and the rough tones of a man, speaking in a subdued voice to the horse. The vehicle paused by the light carriage. The maiden was at once lifted from the latter, and in an instant a soft cord was passed around her ankles, entirely preventing the use of her limbs, being now literally "bound hand and foot." Then she was placed inside the vehicle, which, it was plain to her, from its roominess, was an open spring, or Jersey, wagon. She was laid on the hard bottom of the wagon, and a heavy cloak thrown over her.

Her efforts were vain, and in a kind of half-stupor she lay still, scarcely breathing, praying at the same time to die, and be rid of this worse than death. Then she heard a man ascend to the broad board in front of the wagon-body, which served as a seat; and then, another mounted likewise.

In a moment, regardless of the comfort of the tender maiden, lying so helpless in the wagon, the driver lashed the horse, and away they rattled at a break-neck pace down the steep mountain road.

At length the wagon came down to a more moderate pace; then it was evident, that, at last, they were going down the sharp declivity of the Mount Washington road toward the Smithfield-street bridge. Continuing on, for a few minutes, the wagon suddenly rolled over, hard, smooth, well-worn timbers, and paused.

Then the voice of the toll-keeper sounded strangely familiar on the poor girl's ear, and she, though but a few feet from him, could not appeal to him.

"Where are you bound, Tom?" asked the man, as he was handing the change back, of the fellow who drove the horse.

"My name's in everybody's mouth! But, I am bound on my own business, and that's not yours!" was the rough reply, in a harsh voice, as the speaker struck the horse, and the wagon moved on.

Under the flaring gas-lamp this man bore a striking resemblance to Tom Worth.

Once across the bridge, the wagon again rattled on over the pavement of the street. It turned here and there, tore around this corner and climbed that hill, as Grace Harley could easily tell by the swaying and swinging of the vehicle, and by the manner in which she was thrown so rudely from side to side.

On and on went the wagon, first into this street, then into that; now going at a rapid pace, now slowly climbing a long, laborious hill, now descending this same hill.

Still no word had been spoken by those grim men who carried the maiden away, a silent, unresisting prisoner.

At length the wagon paused, and one of the men sprang to the ground. In an instant cracking chains were heard, and low words spoken to the panting horse. Then the man speedily remounted, and struck the animal with the whip. Again the wagon rattled on. Something had broken about the harness.

The vehicle was now going up another long, steep hill. The wheels creaked, and the labored breathing of the horse told that the ascent was heavy.

The air grew fresher, and the wind howled dimly through the open cracks in the wagon, and with its damp breath, chilled the maiden through and through.

Louder wailed the wind; colder grew its wet breath. It was plain to the girl that they were approaching some sparsely-settled portion of the city—most probably the top of some one of the big hills surrounding the place, or it might be, in the country.

The girl shuddered.

Suddenly, with a creak and a groan from the wheels, and a deep, labored pant from the horse, the wagon paused. The men leaped quickly to the ground, lifted the cramped form of the girl from her painful posture, and unbinding her feet, but leaving the blindfold and the gag on, and her wrists secured, bore her from the wagon.

The ominous click of a lock sounded on the air. The girl felt herself borne into a warmer, more genial atmosphere.

She was placed upon her feet. The men retreated, and locked the door behind them.

Grace Harley was all alone in that dark, silent room.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 15.)

REASONS WHY
THE SATURDAY JOURNAL IS, IN MANY RESPECTS,
THE MODEL WEEKLY OF AMERICA:

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read with pleasure, and not labor, by old and
young eyes.

Second: Its serials, being short, and the best of
an immense number at our disposal, we give
greater variety, and greater merit of matter
than any other weekly. No padding, as the
word with us; no threadbare narratives—no
thrice-told tales—no sentimental twaddle;
such as too often fill the columns of many
"popular" papers.

Third: Its short stories, sketches of life and
character, narratives of adventure and peril,
tales of the hearth and home, popular essays
on live topics, miscellaneous departments,
grave and gay, all are so filled with the spirit
of wide awake journalism that no person can
glance over its columns without finding much
to interest, amuse and instruct.

Fourth: It contains not a paragraph or line that
may not be read aloud in the Family Circle.

The Ace of Spades: OR, IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A HUMAN BLOODHOUND.

For a few moments the detective remained silent. His brows were knitted as if in deep thought and his eyes were fixed upon the floor. He was evidently in that state of mind called a "brown study." Some difficult problem puzzled him.

"I beg pardon," he said, suddenly, raising his eyes from the floor, and fixing them upon the pale stranger. "Mr.—, Mr.—by the way, I believe I don't know your name?" The detective had never thought of this trifling fact before.

"Alfred Brown; A. B., you know, my initials," replied the stranger.

"Well, then, Mr. Brown, I want to ask you a question."

"Certainly, what is it?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I know it's none of my business, but I'm curious—couldn't be a detective, you know, if I wasn't," explained Cranston.

"Go on, by all means."

"Well, now, it's puzzled me—and I don't get puzzled very often," said the detective, with a sort of honest pride. "Well, now, the question is just this: if this girl that you're in search of isn't a relative of yours, or isn't an heir to an estate, what in thunder do you want to know anything about her for? If you don't care whether she is alive or dead, why do you want to know if she is alive or dead?"

For a minute there was silence. The pale-faced man sat with his eyes fixed upon the table, as if debating whether to answer the question or not.

"You needn't answer, you know, if you don't want to!" cried Cranston. "I know it's none of my business, and I'm probably poking my nose into other people's affairs by putting the question. But the whole affair is a riddle to me, and I want to have it solved if I can."

"Your question is reasonable enough, and I'll answer it as well as I can," replied the other. "This child, that was lost sixteen years ago, is the daughter of my deadly enemy—of the man that has wronged me so bitterly that death could hardly atone for that wrong. As I have said, this child was lost sixteen years ago; yet not ten days back, I return to New York—I have been away since 1852—and I find this man, with a girl whom he calls his daughter, privately. In the world he does not recognize her. This girl is about seventeen, just the age that the infant that was lost would have been, and yet I am sure that she is not the lost infant grown to girlhood. I am sure that she is not his daughter, although he himself thinks that she is. Now, through the aid of these villains, I wish to trace the career of the lost child. Prove her dead; or if living, find out where she is. Brought up, as she must have been—if she has lived—in the midst of shame and crime, it is not difficult to guess what she would probably be now. Then comes the first act of my vengeance. I will go to this man. I will say to him: 'This girl that you have reared is not the child of—well, never mind the name. She is not your daughter. Your child is dead,' or, 'Your child is now an inmate of the low dens in Water street; your crime in part has worked out its own retribution.'

Cold as ice dropped the terrible words from the pale, bloodless lips. Had it been the face of a statue, the features of the stranger could not have been more calm, could not have shown less trace of passion.

The detective looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Cranston, between his teeth. "Why, you're coming down on this man just like we detectives come down on a criminal after we've got the proofs to convict him," he said aloud.

"The simile is 'correct,' as the other, as coldly and as passionless as before. 'This man is a criminal. I am the detective on his track. But his crime is one that the laws rarely punish. We hang the man who stabs a dagger to another man's heart. But we laugh at that gentleman who steals the love of a married woman—robs the husband of the light and joy of his home—makes his life desolate forever and strikes him to the heart with a shaft sharper far than any ever forged by smith out of steel. The law will not punish my foe as he deserves to be punished, therefore, I take the law in my own hands. His child dead, or leading a life of crime, is the first blow that I shall aim at him. The second, I shall think of hereafter.'

The detective looked at the man before him—who thus, without trace of passion, told of the dreadful vengeance that he was about to grasp in his hands and hurl at the head of his foe—with a half-shudder. Cranston, in his stormy life, in his adventures with criminals—many of them desperate adventurers—had seen determined men, angry men; men reckless of life and welcoming death, as it were, with open hands; yet he had never seen any thing that impressed him so forcibly; that seemed so full of hidden terror, as the cold, passionless manner of the pale man before him. It is the same feeling that forces itself upon the mind as we stand on the ocean-washed rock and gaze out over the white-capped deep—a sense of irresistible power.

The detective drew a long breath.

"This sounds just like a story!" said Cranston.

"The history of every man is a story," replied the other. "Some of them so terrible that if they were to be put in print, the world would throw up their hands and cry, 'Impossible!' as if there could be any thing impossible in nature, except what the Creator has ordained should be so."

"That's truth!" replied the detective.

"You see, I break no law. Like my foe, I sin—for man's vengeance is *always* sin, no matter what the justification—but like him, sin lawfully," said Brown, with a bitter smile.

"Yes, but what grounds have you for thinking that this girl that this man you speak of, calls his daughter, is not his daughter?" asked Cranston.

"Because his daughter was the child lost in Thirtieth street in 1852. *He at the time knew nothing of that loss.* How then could the child have come into his possession?"

"Accident, perhaps," said Cranston.

"Yes, but it is not likely."

"That's true," replied Cranston, thoughtfully.

"Very true!" said Brown, decidedly.

"You say that this man thinks that it is his child?"

"Yes."

"Well, unless he's got pretty good proof that she is his child, why should he think so?" asked Cranston, with the air of one who had propounded a "knotty" question.

"That is a difficult question to answer," replied the other, slowly and thoughtfully. "I can not understand it myself. He does think so beyond a doubt. But he may have been deceived, misled by some artful design."

"But who would have a design of such a nature?"

"Some one wishing to palm on him a child not his own," replied Brown.

"Yes, a reason like that would lead to deception. But, by the way, how long has it been since this man became your enemy?" asked Cranston.

"Nearly eighteen years ago," answered the other.

"Before the birth of this child?"

"Yes, before the birth of the child."

"But why have you waited all this time for vengeance? I should think that a man who hated as bitterly as you seem to, would not have the patience to wait all these years for vengeance. Unless you have waited for this child to grow up so as to make it more terrible."

"No," answered the other, "if that had been the case, I should not have lost sight of the girl."

"What then is the reason?"

"I have been asleep," returned Brown, with a strange expression upon his features.

"Asleep!" cried the detective in wonder.

"Yes, asleep for sixteen years."

The detective winked his eyes as if to ask himself if he was awake.

"I'm either asleep," he thought, "or talking with a madman."

"I don't understand it!" Cranston cried aloud.

"Neither do I."

"What?" The shrewd, clever detective began to be doubtful whether he wasn't going mad as well as the other.

The detective looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"Jerusalem!" muttered Cranston, between his teeth. "Why, you're coming down on this man just like we detectives come down on a criminal after we've got the proofs to convict him," he said aloud.

"The simile is 'correct,' as the other, as coldly and as passionless as before. 'This man is a criminal. I am the detective on his track. But his crime is one that the laws rarely punish. We hang the man who steals the love of a married woman—robs the husband of the light and joy of his home—makes his life desolate forever and strikes him to the heart with a shaft sharper far than any ever forged by smith out of steel. The law will not punish my foe as he deserves to be punished, therefore, I take the law in my own hands. His child dead, or leading a life of crime, is the first blow that I shall aim at him. The second, I shall think of hereafter.'

"Well!" the detective was staggered. This was something entirely beyond his comprehension. "I always thought old Rip was a lie, but since you say that you slept sixteen years, I don't know why the old Dutchman, who was used to the business, couldn't have 'seen' you and 'gone four better'!"

"I see you doubt me," said Brown.

"Well, if it was a different kind of a man from you, I'd tell him he lied, right out," said Cranston, honestly. "But you seem to be so serious about the matter, and I don't see what reason you have to 'stuff' me in the premises."

"I haven't any," replied the strange Mr. Brown. "As I am a living man, I slept for sixteen long, weary years—years that passed away in a dream. Rip Van Winkle at the end of his sleep was an aged man, aged both in body and mind. I wake from mine, as young in brain as when the sleep came upon me, and but little older in body. The same thought that filled my head then, fills it now. One thought only, vengeance on the man that has wronged me. This terrible sleep came upon me when I was following on his track; I wake and again take the same road."

"Well, I give in 'dead beat'!" cried Cranston, "I've always flattered myself that

I've seen a little of life, but this is away ahead of my time."

"It is one of those strange things that happen sometimes in the world," replied the other.

"Why, Mr. Brown, I never came across any thing like it in my life."

"A different path for different men."

"Yes, that's truth," said Cranston; "but speaking of this man and of the false daughter, that he thinks is the true one: I can't understand how he can think so if she isn't the right one." The idea bothered the detective.

"That I do not know, but I am sure he does think so. I will tell you why. This girl has been reared away from New York. A month or so since, the father brought her home, not revealing, however, to any one that she was his child. This man's own son, a youth of twenty, fell in love with the girl, and asked his father for permission to marry her. Judge then of that father's anguish when he was compelled to tell the boy that he had fallen in love with his half-sister."

"The father must believe the girl is his, then!" cried the detective.

"No," replied Cranston.

"Yes, that is evident, and I can not understand the reasons for that belief," replied Brown, evidently in doubt.

"May he not have seen these ruffians when the child was lost—at the time you speak of, sixteen years ago—and got the child from them?" The detective was shrewdly putting the probabilities.

"No, that is impossible. As I have told you, he could not have known that the child was lost in Thirtieth street. That is an impossibility. Such knowledge could not have come to him in any way. It is quite beyond the bounds of accident."

"Then I can't account for it!" Cranston was bewildered.

"Besides, if this is the true daughter that this man has, why are these fellows so anxious—as anxious they are—to know if the child is an heir to an estate? What could it matter to them, if she is out of their hands, whether she is an heir or not? Do you see the point?"

It was so plain that the detective did see it easily.

"That's true," said Cranston; "if the girl was dead, too, they wouldn't be interested."

"I see you have followed my argument closely. From the language that this fellow used to-day, I am confident that the girl is living, and in the hands of the man or men of whom this Curly Rocks is the representative. Perhaps she is the wife of one of these ruffians, or perhaps, worse still."

"By George!" cried the detective, suddenly; "why, you've got a sure clue to the child's identity. Don't your advertisement say a peculiar mark on the left shoulder?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, it's plain enough. See the left shoulder of this daughter and that settles the question."

"You forget," said Brown, coldly; "the mark was on the shoulder

his, it's going for to worry us for to get 'er out."

"I'll think of some plan to save her if I can only discover where she is. I have the strangest feeling in my breast for this girl. I don't know why I should be so anxious about her. I couldn't feel worse about the affair if she were my own sister."

"Why, it's as plain as can be, you know," said Jim; "you're in love with the girl."

"By Jove!" the thought for the first time occurring to him; "perhaps I am."

"Perhaps!" exclaimed Jim; "why, hin course you are. It's as plain as the nose on your face."

"I've always regarded her as a child."

"A child! The girls that are brought up in the streets of New York are women at fifteen. It's an 'ot-ouse life,' an' like the 'ot-ouse flowers, they dies early."

"I'll rescue her first, and then I'll find out the true state of my feelings, afterward."

"That's very sensible," replied Jim.

As the "Marquis" had truly said, he had nothing to do but wait; but, oh! how hard it is to wait sometimes!

We will now return to Iola and English Bill, who, seated in the hack, were being borne rapidly up-town.

At last the hack stopped.

Iola could see that all without was dark. The hack had evidently halted in some unoccupied street, far from the busy whirl of city life.

Then to her quick ear came the sound of waves dashing against a pier. It was evident, then, that she was by the river, but whether it was the East or North river, she could not even guess.

Bill opened the carriage-window on the left, and put his head out, at the same time keeping a firm grip upon Iola's arm.

The driver of the hack had dismounted, and coming to the side of the carriage, held quite a consultation with Bill.

Iola, though listening intently, could not overhear a word of the conversation, which the two men carried on in whispers.

The conversation ended, Bill shut the window, and the hack-driver left the side of the carriage. The driver did not resume his seat upon the box, but went up the street.

Iola, after they had remained some ten minutes without proceeding onward, began to wonder at the meaning of the delay.

"You're pretty near home," said Bill, surveying Iola with a grin of triumph.

"Home!" exclaimed Iola.

"Yes, your home for the present, an' one which I think will bother your lover to find out," replied Bill.

At that moment the hack-driver returned, and his arrival put a stop to the conversation.

"It's all right," said the driver, opening the door of the carriage.

"Come, get out," said Bill, addressing Iola.

Without a word the girl obeyed. Resistance at present she knew would be useless.

"Come on, Bill," said the hack-driver, leading the way.

"Now, don't you try to kick up any fuss, 'cos it won't do you a bit of good," remarked Bill, drawing the arm of the girl within his own. "An' don't you try to run, 'cos I've got hold on you tight. Just you come peaceably, an' it will be the best for you in the end."

Iola did not reply; her heart was too full for words. She fully realized the danger of her position. Every step she took was taking her further and further away from the only one in all the wide world that she cared for. The future was all dark; no ray of hope gleamed through the clouds of despair that surrounded her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PRISON OF THE STREET-SWEEPER.

AFTER walking two blocks, the hack-driver, who led the way, turned to the left and took a street leading from the river, parallel with which the three had been walking. Bill and Iola followed. A few hundred feet up the street, and the guide stopped before a two-story wooden house, that looked like a relic of bygone years, and was terribly out of repair. The lower floor of the house was occupied by a liquor store; one of those licensed dens of infamy where poison is re-tailed by the glass; where the poor—who really suffer for bread sometimes—spend their scanty earnings for the liquor fire that destroys alike both body and soul.

No light shone from the windows above the liquor store; all was dark and dismal. The house was apparently tenantless.

The hack-driver opened a small door by the side of the liquor store; the door was evidently the entrance to the rest of the house.

"Wait here, Bill," said the driver, closing the door behind the rough and the girl, after they had entered. "Wait till I get a light. I won't be a minute." And then the driver walked off through the darkness of the entry as if the way was perfectly familiar to him, which indeed it was.

The fall of the man's steps rung out with a hollow sound as he strode along the pass-way.

In the darkness and in silence the two waited for the return of the driver. English Bill was revolving in his mind a certain plan of vengeance, and in that plan Catterton, the "Marquis," was to figure, and his position was to be a very prominent one indeed.

And Iola? What were her thoughts? The poor girl could hardly have told, so many things were passing rapidly across her brain. In the few minutes that she stood there in the dark, her whole life, from her

childhood upward, passed quickly in review before her; and what a life of misery hers had been! It was relieved by one ray of light only, and that ray was shed upon her path when Daniel Catterton came upon it. How bitter, then, were her thoughts when she reflected that perhaps she would never see him again.

A light glimmered along the dark, narrow entry. It came from a lighted candle borne in the hands of the hack-driver.

By the light of the candle the girl could see that at the end of the entry was a stairway, on the steps of which the hack-driver was standing.

"Come on, Bill!" said the man.

Bill obeyed the injunction and advanced, still keeping his grip upon Iola's arm.

Up the worn and creaky stairs—broken here and there by the tread of heavy feet—went the three.

The driver turned to the right at the head of the stairs, went a few paces along the entry-way, and halted before a door. He inserted a key, that creaked dismally as he turned it in the lock, and opened the door.

The two following behind entered the room after the driver.

The room was quite a large one. It contained a bed, a small cooking-stove, a table and a couple of chairs.

There were two windows in the room, but they had heavy wooden shutters on the outside that barred observation. The light was admitted into the room by two heart-shaped holes in the upper part of the shutters.

"How will this answer, Bill?" asked the hack-driver, setting the candle down upon the table.

"Bully!" answered Bill, emphatically, after a glance around the room.

"You won't be disturbed at all, gal," said the driver, with a grin upon his hard, brutal features. "You're 'bout the only tenant I've got now."

"Where does that door lead to?" asked Bill, whose eyes had noticed a door in the wall to his right.

"It's only a closet," answered the driver, throwing it open and exposing to view a small closet. "There ain't any way of getting into the room or out of it, 'cept by this door," and the man pointed to the one by which they had entered. "The shutters are fixed tight, an' I guess that there won't be any danger of anybody getting in to harm the gal."

Iola understood that the fellow meant that there wasn't any danger of her getting out. "You see, Bill, there's the best bull-terrier in the country loose in the back yard all the time, an' he's jest death on strangers, he is."

Iola saw how fully she was in the power of these dreadful men, yet even with the full knowledge of her danger, she did not despair.

"All right, Patsy; it's jest bully! You jest wait for me down-stairs; I'll be down in a minute," said Bill.

Patsy understood the hint, and took his departure.

"Now, gal, what chance do you think you'll have of gettin' out of my hands, eh?" asked Bill, in triumph.

"Do you think that you can keep me?" asked Iola, a strange light shining in her full blue eyes.

"Well, I'm goin' to try; that is, to keep you as long as I want to," replied the ruffian.

"And how long will that be?"

"That depends upon circumstances. Any-way, till this lover of yours, this 'Marquis,' is put out of the way."

"Out of the way?" asked Iola, not understanding the fearful meaning of the simple expression.

"Yes, until he's dead!" cried Bill, brutally; "do you understand that better?"

"And are you going to put him out of the way?" asked the girl, not in the slightest degree alarmed by the threat, for she had perfect confidence that her protector was fully a match for English Bill and all his gang.

"Well I am now, jest!" cried Bill, boastfully. "I'm goin' to settle him. He won't come after you, not no more."

"I hope that you will make this attempt soon!" said Iola, quietly.

"The blues you do!" exclaimed Bill in astonishment. "Why do you hope that?"

"Because if you try to kill him, he will probably kill you, and then I shall be free," replied Iola.

"The devil he will!" cried Bill, rather confounded by the conclusion that the girl had arrived at. "We'll see about that."

"Yes, we shall see," repeated the girl, who had perfect faith in the "Marquis'" promises.

"I shan't give him a chance to escape this time!" cried Bill. "I'll fix him, an' as for you, my beauty, you'll stay here until he is fixed. Then if you don't do as I want you to, I pity yer, that's all," and with this covert threat, Bill left the room, locking the door behind him as he did so.

Iola was alone, no company save her own thoughts. A bitter, hard life had been from the cradle upward. Reared amid crime and want, the streets her school, misery her teacher, yet so far she had escaped contamination; and she lived in the hope that the future might be brighter far than the past.

Even now a prisoner, she knew not where, she did not despair; "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and Iola, friendless and alone, hoped.

We will now return to the Tremaine household in Fifth avenue.

The blow that had fallen upon the two young hearts, Oswald and Essie, was indeed hard to bear; while Loyal Tremaine him-

self was not less miserable than was his son and daughter.

Another strange thing too had happened to astonish Tremaine. The old secretary, James Whitehead, had suddenly disappeared—left the house without the knowledge of any one, and without even bidding his employer good-by.

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There were two windows in the room, but they had heavy wooden shutters on the outside that barred observation. The light was admitted into the room by two heart-shaped holes in the upper part of the shutters.

Oswald looked up as his father entered.

"I am glad you have come, father. I want to speak with you," said the young man.

"What is it, Oswald?" asked Tremaine, pausing beyond expression as he saw how pale and careworn his son looked.

"To Europe," cried Tremaine, in astonishment.

"Yes, father," answered the son. "I can not bear to stay here, to remain under the same roof with the girl that I love better than I do my own life, but whom I know it is sinful to love. Father, I can never look upon Essie as a sister, or at least, not at present. Years must come and go before I can forget this fatal love. Every time that I look in Essie's face, I feel that I love her more and more, but not as a brother should love a sister. It is a different passion from that which fills my heart. I can not conquer this love, it is stronger than I; it conquers me. And therefore, father, I thought that the best thing that I could do, would be to go abroad. Removed from her sight, I may forget her, or if not her, at least forget the love that she has inspired. I have been thinking this over all the morning, and I think that a trip to Europe will be the best thing for me."

Tremaine did not answer for a moment; the idea came so suddenly upon him that it startled him. Loyal Tremaine loved his son, and he could not bear the thought of parting with him, even for a brief time.

"And you think then that this is the only thing that can cure you?" asked Tremaine, at length.

"Yes, father, I have thought the matter over carefully and seriously. Absence may cure me. If I stay here—see this girl's face daily—love her as I do, in spite of reason, yet know that she never can be mine, though she, I and all the world were willing, it will end in my going mad!" Oswald spoke with terrible earnestness. Tremaine could not gainsay the truth of his words.

"I fear, Oswald, you are right," the father said, with a deep sigh, "and yet it is hard to think of parting with you."

"You are willing to let me go then, father?" Oswald asked.

"I leave it to your own judgment," Tremaine replied. "If you can not conquer this passion, it is better that you should go, better for you and perhaps better for Essie too."

"Poor girl," murmured Oswald; "I can judge what her feelings are by my own."

"Yes, the blow has been a terrible one for all," said Tremaine, "but I can not but remember that it was my own hand that formed the bolt."

"No, father," replied Oswald, "your sin was but a venial one, and did not deserve such a terrible retribution."

And this is the verdict of the world, "a venial sin;" to steal the honor of a woman and blast a man's life. And yet there can be no judgment either in this world or hereafter more terrible than the tortures of the mind of the man who commits such a crime, and then in after life realizes fully what he has done. And these tortures Loyal Tremaine had felt.

"We will not speak of that, Oswald," said Tremaine. "I have been punished terribly, and I bow my head in submission to that punishment. If you are determined to go, go then. Remain abroad until you are cured, and then return home."

And so it was settled that on the following Saturday Oswald Tremaine should sail for Europe.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 9.)

Under the Ship.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

In the old merchantman Lady Jane, bound from New York to San Francisco, we had rounded Cape Horn, and were in sight of Desolation Island, when an offshore gale—a perfect "screamer"—pounced upon us, driving the stout ship down upon her beam-ends, humming thunder.

Owing to the extreme violence of the gale, the "sea" was not heavy—the wind beating it flat—so that with the exception of occasional upheavings, it lay roaring in one great mass of seething foam and tingling water, not less grand or terrible in its power from this level aspect. In fact, although we

had taken in every stitch of canvas, except a close-reefed main-top-sail, reefed fore-sail, and a top-mast-staysail, we seemed drawn down, as it were, by some unseen power, into the booming, hissing surface, until our bows, like those of a fast whale-boat, were nearly submerged.

Thus dashing on, with timbers, yards and masts groaning, cracking and snapping, we saw ahead of us a little bark we had spoken on the day before, flying along stripped of all her canvas except a few streaming rags—mementoes of the carelessness of her skipper, who, for the sake of getting ahead of us, had carried sail too long.

The storm, coming with a sudden swoop, had carried his sails straight up into the sea and rack, where, for an instant seen like so many collapsed balloons, they had vanished in the black murk to leeward.

Aboard our own craft all was now tant and trim, with the exception of a staging staved in, the old man had not risen from his bed the day before—was apparently very sick, and yet the following morning he was gone.

Doctor Dornon, who had stepped in, told Tremaine of the conversation that he had had with the old man the previous evening. This somewhat explained his mysterious departure, and as the doctor gave it as his opinion that the secretary was not in his right mind, of course his strange action was not to be wondered at. Besides, Tremaine had had the old man and his sudden departure was soon banished from his mind.

Going into the parlor, Tremaine found Oswald sitting by the window with a gloomy brow, looking listlessly out upon the avenue.

Oswald looked up as his father entered.

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Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

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Contributors and Correspondents.

MS. by D. L. T. A. is too imperfect for use. The author's verse is much more promising than his prose. His sonnets, if original, are indicative of talent for poetic expression. The author, however, must learn how to write with grammatical precision, or no success can follow his efforts. No stamps, MS. not preserved.

The sketch "LA GRANGE'S REVENGE" is not available. The incident has been in print before, and is, we believe, the leading feature of a popular drama. MS. is returned.

The ballad by P. H. M., Philadelphia, is not worthy of publication. The writer's poetic machine wants the oil of thought badly on its joints and journals.

Can not use "ADVENTURE WITH A LYNX," MS. is returned. Ditto MS. "THE COQUETTE."

"CONSTANT READER" is informed that Augustin Daly is the author of the drama "UNDER THE GASLIGHT."

In remitting MSS. at "Book Rates," authors must be careful that the package contains nothing but manuscript. A note inclosed subjects the whole to full letter rates.

J. V. B. complains that he has to pay seven cents for our paper. Very likely. As he lives "out West," the cost of expressage on package is such that dealers must charge more than the advertised price for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the New York *Ledger*, etc., in order to make it pay to keep the papers in stock.

Will not be able to use "SNAPPY POPS," No stamps.

"BORDER ADVENTURES," by V. V., we care not to place on the accepted list. The author writes well enough to do better. He must study "how to write" with dramatic brevity and spirit. One half the space consumed would have sufficed to tell the story. MS. returned.

Can not make use of MSS. "OUR LILY"; "THE INFATUATION"; "WHAT IS IT TO ME"; All are held subject to the author's call.

"IDA GRAFTON'S MARRIAGE," not being available, is returned.

We may possibly use "THE TRAGEDY OF A LIFE," and will hold the same for the present.

Edna Jennings, of Fort Wayne, sends us, as original, one of Tom Moore's finest songs. If Edna wants to steal with success she must pilfer from less familiar volumes than Moore's Poems.

Letters are coming to us by every mail which are marked "Due 3c," "Due 6c," "Due 9c," etc., etc. Authors and correspondents must fully prepay their inclosures, as we must refuse to receive all unprinted packages.

Tales and sketches of English life and *local* are not desirable. Such may be interestingly good, but so much of the class of writer is appropriated by certain popular weeklies from English papers and magazines, that we do not care to incur even the suspicion of having done the same thing. What is indubitably *American* in persons, incidents and places is preferable with the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Can not use "OUR AIM IN LIFE," by Captain D. MS. returned.

If authors wish to preserve their MSS. unavailable to us, they must obey orders and inclose proper stamps for return; otherwise the MSS. will be cast into the "Dead Box." Nor do we keep MSS. to "await further orders." We have far too many to handle and dispose of each day to wait up packages that authors have asked us to hold for them for a long time. The only way to do is to send stamps for return, with each inclosure to us. That will insure a speedy remitting, if the MS. prove of no avail.

We have before us as we write a very well written MS., but it is written on foolscap, the pages are not numbered, and the sheet is left whole—all serious objections to editor and composer. Use "French letter" or "commercial" note size paper, number each page as it is written, tear each page from the sheet, and remit to us not in a roll but folded flat. Many a manuscript is neglected because editors can not be bothered with pressing out tightly rolled pages, or tormented with foolscap broadsides, uncut and unfolded.

Foolscap Papers.

Railway Traveling.

WHEN you expect to go on a journey, the idea of it is pretty much all that you will find in your head for a week beforehand; and at last when the hour comes, and you have a secret foreboding that the hour might be gone and the train with it, you show your agility by running six squares, with a heavy valise, only to find when you get to the depot that the train, for the first time since you last went away, is one hour and several odd long minutes behind time.

You get your ticket and find the fare is raised. Indeed it is easier to raise than vegetables. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but eternal postage-stamps are the

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price of transportation. Then you sit around, wondering at the inconvenience of running seven o'clock trains at eight, and remembering many little things which you might have done but which you left undone in your haste. You have a great curiosity to know where so many other people are bound to, but the politeness which makes you tell that countryman what the object of your journey is, prevents your asking theirs, and altogether you feel like you were upside down, with no possible chance of ever getting downside up; when, at last, the train comes, and you get aboard with a rush and find a convenient seat beside a highly colored Senator, who is not yet elected, and off you go. To add to the pleasures of this life, you find your neighbor's breath is embalmed in undying onions, and that he persists in keeping his window down, and also keeps touching your black pants with his dusty boots.

The conductor takes your ticket (after you have hunted some time for it) and puts a check into the hand of your hat; in doing this he shoves your hat over your eyes so effectually that it exposes the scutiness of your back hair to two young ladies that have attracted so much of your attention at the start.

The train-boy brings around open boxes of gum-drops, which he distributes in every seat.

The two countrymen in the seat ahead begin to eat theirs at once, and when the boy comes back you laugh yourself nearly to death to see their surprise when he asks them to pay for them, and hear them say they thought they were free. You reflect on the simplicity of things in general, and of some men in particular, and nearly forget your own ills.

In the seat across you see a man that you are sure you have seen before, but really you can't place him; you have been trying to think who he is; occasionally he has looked toward you, apparently in the same wonder; at last you rise, and, going over to him, ask him if you haven't met before, and find out that he is the same man you borrowed some money from three years ago, and you also find out to your satisfaction that it is still unpaid.

The train-boy distributes books, you buy one; pretty soon he comes round with others—in gathering these up again he takes also the one you bought, and will surely sell it over before you could ever convince him of his mistake.

One long whistle. A station. A lady gets aboard with twins. Twins not being used to traveling begin the same tune on entering the car that they did on entering the world. The mother can find no seat.

You ask the gentleman in seat before you if he won't please give her his place. You find out that "Oh yes, he won't," and rather than not you relieve the woman of her charges, and find you have your hands exceedingly full.

The mother finds a quarter of a seat in front and you have full control of the twins, and more diversion than you wish. You finally get rid of your charges and hear a short, sharp, and shrill whistle, which means there's breakers ahead. Alarmed, you brace your feet, grab the back of the seat ahead and pull back with all your might, while through your mind flashes the idea that you failed to purchase an accident ticket, and that the chances are all against you.

All the little sins of your life flash before your eyes, and in your inmost heart you repent, and make a terrible promise that you will lead a better life if you are saved this time, which is forgotten as soon as the danger is over, and you go.

In front of you see a gentle girl's head resting on a gentleman's shoulder, which makes you pity that young lady on the other side, and in the fullness of your sympathy you would almost like to offer her your shoulder to lean against—which you don't though; but now you begin to feel very tired yourself and allow yourself to fall into a gentle slumber, but jump out of it as soon as you find you are reclining a little too sweetly upon the highly-colored gentleman's shoulder.

A long whistle, a short stop, and another station. A sudden start and you bump heads with the man in seat back, with whom you are talking. Very dusty, your eyes are two regular sand-banks—throat a newly-graveled turnpike where the walking would be exceedingly bad.

Boy comes round with water; after three grabs you get hold of the cup, but getting it to your mouth is quite another thing, and when at last you do succeed, I'll bet you a fine set of china under-wear that you don't drink any more water than you can hold in a common-sized sieve. And still you go, and you find to your infinite satisfaction that forty miles an hour is very slow time to travel in the manner you are.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

ONCE upon a time, in the sunny days of our youth, we invested two dollars and a half for a Patent Right Perpetual Motion Machine.

That is, it was not patented just yet, but when we paid out two dollars and a half, we became, of course, the sole proprietor, and the only reason we did not get a patent was, the concern was not—very decidedly not—perpetual.

The motion being only two dollars and a half long, it did not quite reach perpetuity.

However, this transaction did indirectly lead to a perpetual motion, for the motion

that directs the mind has since never ceased to create a determination to keep us clear of this kind of merchandise in all future time.

Whenever we are tempted to invest in a wild-cat scheme, the slightest reference to our former speculation has a very strong bearing upon the final decision.

We have since learned two truths, viz.:—a perpetual motion can not be accomplished until we make action and reaction unequal; and second—we can never learn a lesson except through bitter experience.

CAPT. DALTON.

RANDOM NOTES.

MISFORTUNE is like a low doorway, good to get through, but not worth a cent to straighten up in.

WHEN we have any thing bad to say against our neighbor we begin by telling some of his good traits, and then wind up with the bad one, which knocks all the good ones just where we want them to go. Thus we seem more charitable in the eyes of the listener, and lifting one up in this manner and letting him drop gives the assertion more force, and we are accredited with the truth, whether we tell it or not—

which is seldom, or less.

A good character is a very desirable piece of personal property, but is extremely hard to keep, as it spoils easily. It is something which is constantly getting under mortgage, said mortgages being held by a gentleman whose realm is extremely suggestive of warm weather and high thermometers.

A character may be purchased sometimes, but many persons make their own, which would account for so many imperfect ones in this world. When a man begins to think his character is of cast-iron, I like to see him run for Congress.

JOE KING.

SATURDAY SERMON.

MANY a man and many a woman is dissatisfied with life and continually wishing themselves dead. They look with envy upon the success of others—have no desire to succeed themselves, and throw shadows upon the lives of others by wishing themselves out of this world and into the next.

Now, we have been thinking—thinking that such persons will not be happy in a world where He who is Supreme has it all His way, when they are miserable in a world where we have it all ours.

To be happy is to live to a purpose.

With happiness life is a success. Without it a failure. Yet people sneer at those who try to be happy. Those who love each other and rest like the glories of a setting sun over field and forest—who are good, and kind, and loving, and demonstrative in their affections, are called fools, even by those who profess religion and purified intentions.

And yet, they profess to follow the teaching of Him who says Heaven is but eternal happiness, where loved and loving rest forever, with the near, the constant, the worshiped.

Some envy others' happiness, and by remarks, cruel talk, wicked thrusts, and baneful speech, wound and weaken those who are striving for a heart-shelter we all need—the love even Jesus Christ found in the society of Mary and Martha. Why not allow others to be happy, even if we can not?

What if that man lives in a better house than we own? He can not take it with him. What matters to us the size of the earth when we can finally claim, and only for a time, then, so little of it in which to sleep?

What if his or her mansion has more rooms than ours?—we can be in but one room at a time, and we are as happy here as he or she there. His windows may outnumber ours, but we can see out of ours—he can do no more.

That chair is as easy to us as his is to him. The smile of the one who loves us fills our heart with a life-tint as golden—can he say more? Our room may not be so large as his, but it is as neat, as clean, as orderly, as home-like!

His darling may wear more silk than ours, but silk is not love. His darling may be more queenly than ours, but her kiss is no sweeter, her hand no softer, her face no more smiling, her love no more true,

earnest, soul-wrapping, and heart-sustaining. His darling may ride in her carriage; servants in livery may wait on her; she may wear diamonds by the score, but he is not more tenderly loved, more lovingly cared for by his darling than we are by ours; her bosom is no softer resting-place, her arms no softer, her love no more lasting, her kiss and caress no sweeter than all these welcome of our loved one. His darling sleeps in his arms—her head held upon his bosom—her beautiful bosom rising and rising like prayers as he looks thereon; but our loved one is as dear to us, and we think dearer than his to him! And so, too, we are happy.

When there is so much in life to make us happy—when such good friends, such earnest men and women love us—when there is so much to enjoy—when there are so many who are sick and friendless, we are happy and contented, as we are sorry for them, and would aid them.

Why will not men be men instead of wrecks? Why will not women live for something besides envy, folly, fashion?

Why will not boys think more of honorable old age, health, beauty, glorious in the sunset of life, than of decrepit manhood—

why will they not by the light of life and

the reward love brings to earnest endeavor, swear to live and to be *somebody*—to be kind, good, loving, useful, honorable men, rather than be of the wandering, listless, thoughtless driftwood which lines the shores, floats the sea, and bleaches on the sands tinted by the golden sunset?

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As I turned my eyes upon him, I saw in a moment that he was watching me intently. When I looked at him, though, he instantly turned his attention in another direction.

The car proceeded on its way.

Ever and anon turning carelessly, I would catch the rough-looking fellow watching me. And every time that I discovered this, it sent a cold shiver all over me.

Then I began to speculate how he could have got into my car, when he had been standing on the steps of the hotel when I had started. Then the truth flashed upon me. He had followed in the next car, and had taken advantage of the delay caused by the lumber-wagon to change cars.

After thinking the matter over quietly, I came to the conclusion that my fears were uncalmed for.

But the rough-looking fellow still kept watching me.

At Eightieth street I left the car. Contrary to my thought, the rough fellow did not get off. I felt considerably easier in my mind.

I walked down the street to my house, ascended the steps, inserted my latch-key, and opening the door, entered.

Once inside the house, I looked around at once to assure myself that every door and window was securely fastened. I found nothing amiss.

I got my six-shooter and examined it. As I thought, every chamber was loaded.

Night was now coming on rapidly.

I went down to the kitchen, and got a cold "snack" for supper. Then I put the bonds away securely in a little dressing-case of my wife's, that sat on a shelf in the closet in my bedroom. A most unlikely place for any one to expect to find valuables. Then I went to bed, with my revolver as a sleeping-companion.

It was about nine o'clock when I turned in. I left the gas burning quite brightly.

I had probably slept about an hour when I was suddenly awakened by a slight noise in my room. I opened my eyes, and at the same time I grasped my revolver.

In the center of the room stood the rough whom I had seen first descending the steps of the Astor House, and afterward in the car. A second ruffian stood in the doorway.

I comprehended the situation in an instant. I covered the first rough with my revolver, and sternly asked him what he wanted.

I never saw a man look so thoroughly "mad" in all my life as my gentleman did, when he beheld the shining tube of the six-shooter leveled full at his head.

"Blazes!" he muttered between his teeth.

"Get out!" I said, emphatically, rising to a sitting position, but still covering him with the revolver.

"Wot! without the swag?" he muttered.

"I'll give you one minute, before I fire?" I said, taking deliberate aim at his brawny throat.

With a growl, like a wild beast, he sprung at me. I pulled the trigger—the hammer fell—the cap exploded, and the next instant I was pinned down to the bed by the muscular knee of the rough. The revolver had missed fire.

"How are you off fur soap, now?" the rough asked, with a grin, at the same time flashing the glittering blade of a huge knife before my eyes.

I was fully in the power of the ruffian.

"What do you want?" I gasped.

"The ducats—the soap—the flimseys, my pippin," he said, with a ferocious grin.

His meaning was extremely plain. I had no difficulty whatever in comprehending what he meant.

"I haven't any," I said. Of course I knew that he could know nothing of the United States bonds.

"You ought to be an editor—you lie first-rate," ejaculated the burly ruffian.

I suppose it is needless to remark that I did not appreciate the compliment.

"I assure you," I said, for I saw that my nocturnal visitor doubted my word, "that I haven't any money."

"Not for Joe, oh, dear, no! not for Joseph," hummed the rough, in a very unusual voice, and he kept time by digging his knee into my chest.

"But, sir—" I gasped.

"See me quick!" said the rough, emphatically. "I'm Tom the Cracksman, I am, from over the herring-pond, an' you can't play any points on me. You've got ten thousand dollars in bonds somewhere round. I knows it, 'cos my pard here saw the old governor get 'em from the bank this blessed morning; then we 'piped' him to the hotel. I was a-listenin' outside the door when he give 'em to you. Then we just 'went' for you. Now, hand 'em over, or maybe it will be the worst for you!"

My suspicions were all confirmed by the speech of the rough. They had been on my track, and now I was fully in their power. What course to pursue I knew not. I did not doubt for a moment that the fellow who held me prostrate beneath his knee, would just as soon cut my throat as not.

"Come, governor; I'm gittin' tired of waiting," said the rough. "Just tell us where you stowed the flimseys."

"And if I refuse?" I asked.

"Well, then, I'll have to use a little gentle persuasion," he answered, with another ferocious grin. "You're going to give me your eyes; it would be pity to lose one on 'em; your lady-love would miss it, you know; but, if you don't tell me where you've hid the bonds, I shall have to dig one of them eyes right out with the point of my knife. Which one kin you spare best—right or left? It don't make any difference to me, you know."

I felt sick. I was as helpless as a child in the hands of my muscular captor. I felt pretty sure, too, that he would not hesitate to execute his threat, dreadful as it was.

I could hesitate no longer.

Ten thousand dollars was a large sum of money, but I wouldn't be willing to part with one of my eyes for twice ten thousand dollars.

"If I tell you, you will spare me?" I asked.

"It's a bargain, governor," replied the rough.

"The bonds are in that closet in a dressing-box," I said.

In another minute the ten thousand dollars were in the hands of the "Cracksman."

Then there was a cry of triumph, followed quickly by a howl of rage as three detectives dashed in upon the burglars.

The "Cracksman" had tracked my uncle, then me, and in turn had been shadowed by the detectives.

There was a short but desperate struggle; then Tom the "Cracksman" and his companion were handcuffed, and departed in custody of the officers.

The ten thousand dollars were saved.

And that was the way I was interviewed by a burglar. I don't desire another dose. I am fully satisfied.

Tom and his companion are now doing the State some service, breaking stone at Sing Sing.

Amber's Mistake.

BY FANNY ELLIOTT.

Sing was a graceful girl, tall, and ofondrous beauty.

Every one admired her, most of her gentleman friends had fallen in love with her, and yet, after all her offers, despite all her conquests, Amber Percival was still unengaged.

It does seem so strange, Amber, that you persistently reject the advances of that splendid young journalist. What in the world is your heart made of that you can be so icily indifferent? I would capitulate in ten minutes, I'm sure, if Horace Vavasour were to be as devoted to me as he is to you."

Minnie Everett laughed as she caressed the long, thick curl that swept over Miss Percival's shoulder.

"Then I'll just drop him a hint, Minnie, that you are open to attentions."

"If you dare!"

Their silvery laughter floated over their heads and reached the ear of a young man, who was lazily smoking in the adjoining room.

A quizzical smile crept over his lips, and he laid aside his cigar, and straightened him self into a more attentive attitude.

"But, honestly, though, Amber, don't you like young Vavasour?"

"Oh, well enough, Minnie. He's agreeable, and very fine-looking, but I am not in love with him."

Amber's voice was even and indifferent, and young Horace Vavasour, as he heard her, felt a pang shoot through his heart.

"She doesn't care for me, then. She, whom I have idealized and worshipped!"

There came a shade over his fine face, and the radiance in his eyes was overshadowed by the trouble Amber Percival's words gave him.

Again he heard the sweet, birdlike notes of her voice.

"I tell you, though, Minnie, I like him next best to—Harry Adrian."

There was a delicious flush on her cheek as she thus evasively confessed her favorite.

"How can I thank you? In fact, I prefer to deepen the obligation I am already under, if you consent."

There was a meaning in his voice, and she knew it.

"You must not refuse me, Amber; but tell me what I know you mean; to love me, and be my own?"

She thought of Minnie's warning; she knew it.

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nation for the wrongs of her beautiful mistress and friend.

"But, Esther, you know I am resolved to win him back again, if I am possibly capable of it. I hardly know how to proceed, unless you, Esther, can propose a plan."

"Mrs. Trevlyn, you had better remain just as you are, than attempt what must ultimately end in mortification and regret."

Clare shook her head decidedly.

"No; I am determined to change the course of my life, and that immediately. I think to throw off the cloak of reserve that covers us, and open our mansion to guests, give entertainments, attend parties, frequent the opera and theater, will be the most natural as well as successful step toward the accomplishment of my project."

"And if the liege refuses the money wherewith to conduct such an establishment, then what?"

Esther spoke ironically, and Clare threw her a severe, reproving glance.

"You forget I am Trevlyn's wife, Esther, and will not allow further harsh remarks about him. Besides, you remember my small fortune will maintain the most extravagant style for two years at least."

She arose proudly, and opened the exquisite little case on her dressing bureau.

"These diamonds alone, Esther, will bring fifty thousand dollars."

She wound them about her snowy neck and wrists.

"Splendid!" she murmured, reviewing the reflection in her mirror.

"I am beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, but what matters it all when my husband does not love me—my own husband, who refuses to hear my vindication?"

Slowly she removed the glittering gems and replaced them in the ruby velvet *etui*, and then sunk wearily on the damask lounge.

"Yes, Esther," she said, after a long silence, "we will open the house, and issue cards for my reception. If the people think I am a widow, let them think so; better than that be a deserted wife."

Bitterly she added the last few words.

"I will order the dressmaker to have a suitable dress, and you may attend to the supper-table. See that every thing is the finest and best, and let the table be gotten up regardless of expense."

Esther folded up the ruffled, apron she was making, and silent and stern descended to superintend the arrangements.

The cards were printed, and by a strange coincidence she emerged from her retirement the same day, at the same hour, that her husband received his guests at the Archery.

Her elegant parlors were filled with the elite of Philadelphia; her music was the sweetest heard at any previous reception; her supper the most delicious, her entire entertainment the most satisfactory.

Renowned guests were there, whom other invitations from other parties had failed to bring, and it seemed as if the goddess Queen herself had laid her best tribute at Clare Trevlyn's feet that night.

Flushed and handsome, yet withal dignified and charming, she moved a veritable queen among her guests, admired by all, envied by many, a mystery to not a few.

Her sudden appearance created a *furore*, which added to a fresh-blooming beauty, lent new attractions to the lovely lady.

Evidently her letters of introduction had been first-class, for the very best citizens of Philadelphia attended her levee.

Thus her *debut* was a glorious success, and even Esther's hard face relaxed in a grim smile as she saw the adulation offered to her darling.

Of all the guests was one gentleman whose personal appearance was strikingly handsome, who was at once the admiration of every lady in the room. He was a stranger to Mrs. Trevlyn, and a stranger to her guests, with but one exception.

Senator Rowe had brought him, as the guest of his own family. As Senator Rowe's friend he was cordially received.

The party had arrived late, and the hostess had not yet received their compliments. For a moment Clare was at liberty, and the handsome old gentleman, accompanied by his wife and their guest, approached her.

The greetings over, the senator presented his companion.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, my dear madam, allow me to introduce my young friend and nephew, Mr. Casselmaire. He is just returned from Judge Elverton's old Grange, near New York, and I could not permit him to tarry at my house this evening while we were away. I brought him along. He is not a well man, I see by his face, and hope this visit will do him no harm." The kindly old man rattled away as if no formality were necessary.

"I am happy to meet him—very happy. His late residence entitles him to more than ordinary consideration, as Judge Elverton's place is very near the home of a dear relative of mine."

Mr. Casselmaire bowed in return.

"There are several residences contiguous to the Grange, which are occupied by friends of mine. I did not entirely understand your name, dear madam, or I could instantly divine to which you refer."

The carnine deepened on her cheek, and she lowered her eyes.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, my boy, Mrs. Clare Trevlyn," returned Mrs. Rowe, in explanation.

He raised his head, with a quick, eager motion.

"You mean Frederic Trevlyn, of the Archery?"

"Yes," she whispered, hoarsely, "I mean him."

The sounding music called her away, and George Casselmaire followed her graceful figure, lost in a maze of bewilderment.

"Mrs. Trevlyn? Who was she?"

"I am Ida Tressel."

"CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

"In order to fully and satisfactorily explain the appearance of Maude Elverton's betrothed at Mrs. Trevlyn's reception on the day when Frederic Trevlyn also held his first levee, we will retrace our steps a few days, to the period where we left Ida Tressel after her interview with her inexorable parent.

Punctual to the hour of his daily coming, Andrew Joyce arrived at Rose Cottage.

Mr. Tressel met him at the door; they exchanged a few words which delighted them both very much, for a brightness lighted their countenances as they entered the room, and Mr. Tressel bade Hetty summon Ida. Pale as death, but calm and collected, she entered their presence, and gravely bowed to Mr. Joyce, then sat quietly beside her father.

Mr. Tressel broke the embarrassing silence.

"I told Mr. Joyce, my child, the message you intrusted to me."

She nodded gently in reply.

"And Mr. Joyce thinks it entirely unnecessary to repeat the extreme satisfaction, the heartfelt joy your decision has given him," remarked Mr. Joyce himself. "My beautiful Ida, I am the happiest man living, for I have won the lovely Ida Tressel for my wife, the peerless crown of my declining years."

She bowed her head, as if in acceptance of his graceful compliment.

"But, Mr. Joyce, I think when you hear what I have to say, what I sent for you to say, you will retract your offer, and leave me free."

Mr. Joyce rubbed his soft, white hands gleefully together, and smiled cheerfully.

"Do not fear you will offend me, my dear. Say on, say on."

She raised her face to his, burning with blushes, the eyes filled with tears.

"I told you once before I loved another; tell you the same to-day. You take a heart that in none of its recesses has a niche for you. I make this humiliating avowal to you, of all men, because I believe you recall your suit, do you not? You give me my liberty, do you not?"

Her beautiful, pleading face and clasped hands enamored him but the more.

"I admire, I deeply appreciate your confidential avowal, for it is a tribute to my sympathy for you. In return, may your sweet confidence give me the right to ask you if your love is reciprocated?"

A vivid, painful hue spread over her neck and face, even to her fair hands, while her lips refused to frame the reply.

At last, when she could, she spoke, low and piteously.

"No, no; he does not even know I care for him."

Her burning tears fell unheeded on her snow-white dress.

"Then, my dear child, I see no reason why I should release you. Indeed, my great love for you will soon make up for any thing you have suffered on his account—and you know he had better be my darling than his slave."

He came slowly to the room where she sat, and extended his hand to salute her, but she drew back, and then went in advance to the door.

Her father and Hetty followed the couple to the carriage.

"This is my wife—Mrs. Joyce, boys. Arnold, assist your lady in."

The footman and coachman raised their hats in polite amazement, and Arnold officially handed her in, then held the door open to await his master.

"We will drive over often, Tressel; and whenever the carriage comes vacant you will understand you must return in it."

He shook hands with his near relative, and Tressel found the deed of their home in his palm.

He smiled to his daughter, who carelessly nodded; to old Hetty she gave a parting glance of grateful remembrance; then she remembered the insult her daughter-in-law, two years her senior, had offered her, and in this hour of blighted joys, blasted hopes, she felt to revenge her for her share of her own unhappiness.

"I am not Ida Tressel, forgiving and kind. I am Ida Joyce, stern and crushed."

She caught his arm, and clutched it tightly between her quivering fingers—so tightly that he winced with pain.

"Andrew Joyce, if I yield, it is because I am forced to yield! forced by a bleeding heart which dare not struggle any longer! forced by circumstances I blush to mention—which would otherwise drive me and my gray-headed father homeless into the world. But, Andrew Joyce, in yielding, I say—*wave to you!* I have plead with my father, I have entreated you, I have condescended to lay my poor torn heart to your view, and you refuse the balm of healing. I do not like you, I can not even tolerate you—I pray I may not hate you."

The words came hissing from between her teeth, and her form towered defiantly grand.

"If you hated me to death, I would not give you up!"

The fire in his aged eyes, the strange resolution in his aged voice, thrilled her with unutterable horror, and a cry rung from her lips.

"Be it as you say; but, as I say: believe your triumph will bring you no satisfaction, no glory. In becoming your wife—no, in becoming Mrs. Joyce—I become what I never was before, a hunted woman, who has sold her happiness for a roof to sleep under; who has wrecked her whole life's happiness for her gray-haired father's sake. Andrew Joyce, I hold my word inviolate; but you will regret this hour—the hour when you ever saw Ida Tressel!"

He received her orders, and departed obey them.

In a moment a tap on the door announced the arrival of the maid Mr. Joyce had sent for. She was a pleasant-looking girl, about twenty-two or three, and in her blue eyes Ida found a world of sympathy.

"This will be your new lady, my good Jeannie, and your exclusive business is to serve her faithfully. You know I told you yesterday I should bring my wife home soon, so you are ready to receive her. Show Mrs. Joyce the dresses that were sent last night, and see that you faithfully attend to all she directs."

Jeannie bowed in return, and Ida ac-

knowledged his kind thoughtfulness by a frigid bend of her queenly head.

She started to follow Jeannie, but her husband laid his hand on her sleeve.

"Ida, my dear, my wife, I have done

every thing I could think of to make your home agreeable to you. I am old, child,

old and foolish, and you are young, and

fresh and blooming. But, as God hears

me, my little frightened wife—as God

hears me, I swear to regard your every

wish; I swear to do all that lays within

my power to make you happy and con-

tented. My children shall respect you, my

servants shall obey you. My house, my

purse, my heart are yours; do with them

as you see fit. All I ask of you, is to bear

with the old man."

He raised her hand to his lips, and then

let it fall gently.

The tears sprung to Ida's eyes as she

followed Jeannie up the wide, broad stairs,

whose thick velvet carpet returned no echo

of their footfall.

Past room after room, whose doors,

half ajar, disclosed the costly wealth of

their varied decorations, she went, until, on

the front of the second floor Jeannie paused

and fitted the key.

The polished silver knob yielded to her

hand, and mistress and servant entered the

spacious and magnificent apartment. It

was every inch a bridal-chamber, and from

it opened another smaller room, fitted for

her private boudoir; and beyond this still

another, expressly for herself, all adorned

in the most luxuriant manner.

Jeannie followed Ida's admiring glance,

and smiled with pardonable pride.

"It is magnifique, madame, and monsieur

is very fortunate in securing so petite and

charming wife to occupy it. Will madame

be so good as to examine the robes,

monsieur ordered yesterday? They are

charmant robes; will madame view them?"

The pleasant French girl unlocked the

rosewood wardrobe, and laid the elegant

dresses upon the bed for Ida to see.

Almost confused by their number, and

dazzled by their beauty, she turned them over.

These are handsome, all, but I prefer

the dress I brought. It is a wine-colored

silk, and will answer very well for an in-

formal dinner.

From her trunk, which the footman car-

ried up, she took her only silk, new a few

weeks before.

She put it on, and the set of rich old

lace her mother had worn before her

in their better days. A plain, yet exqui-

sitely beautiful set of turquoise jewelry

completed her toilette, and when Jeannie

surveyed her she enthusiastically pronounced

her "parfaite

disappeared in the great forest which stretched to the shores of Niagara.

He was not followed, for his people thought that, in the deep solitude of the wood, he was mourning the approaching fate of poor Noweeka. Had they followed him, they would have been astonished to behold him making a *white canoe*!

He did not cease his labor until the night preceding the one upon which Noweeka was to die. At midnight he extinguished his light, and, placing the canoe on his shoulders, started in the direction of Niagara. An hour later he was asleep in his lodge, among his people.

Before sunrise the next day the red-men began to enter the village, and when the sun looked down from the meridian the festival was at its height. There were running, wrestling, shooting, and exhibitions of prowess. The women and children took active part in the festivities, which did not decrease till nightfall.

The moon rose and silvered the clouds of mist that hovered above the angry waters of Niagara, and the White Canoe was brought forth and moored at the bank. It was freighted with fruits, flowers, and the freshly-slain animals of the chase.

Presently Noweeka approached, accompanied by her aged father, who leaned on her, as he once had on his many sons. He was loth to give up the idol of his heart, although he knew that she was going to a land of peace—our heaven, the red-man's happy hunting-ground. He knew that he would soon follow her; but the knowledge did not console him for her loss. That day, yea, that very hour, he had pleaded for her life, but without success, for the fiat of the confederacy had been promulgated throughout the land that she must die. Their law, like that of the Medes and Persians, once published, could not be altered.

Reaching the canoe, Noweeka was pressed to her aged parent's heart, and he dropped the parting tear on her cheek. Then he bade her go and dwell with Kai Ja Manitou until he came.

Where was Wapara? Before putting off, Noweeka looked about for her lover, but he was not to be seen. She would have encountered his gaze once more before her bark.

"Put off into the unknown dark."

With a heart saddened by not seeing her lover, Noweeka shot her canoe from the shore, and steered it toward the center of the stream, amid the frantic yells of her race who lined the bank. Gaining the middle of the river, she steered toward the great falls, over which more than one fair representative of her sex had preceded her—the victim of her people's superstition.

It was a terrible sight to see a youthful maiden, in the silvery light of the queen of the firmament, steering her canoe toward the verge of our sublime Niagara. As Noweeka reached the center of the stream, the vast assembly on the shore became silent, and with bated breath beheld her approach over the falls.

Suddenly they heard Noweeka's name shouted by a masculine voice, and the next instant a white canoe, the counterpart of the one that was bearing the maiden to destruction, shot out from the foliage of a tree which had fallen into the water, and directed its course so as to overtake the girl before she reached the falls. The savages turned their gaze to the second white canoe, and beheld in its occupant the bravest warrior among the Five Nations—Wapara, the White Eagle of the Senecas.

The race between the two canoes at once became exciting. Would Wapara be able to overtake Noweeka? If so, would he have the temerity to attempt to rescue her? The penalty for such an offense was death, which the warrior well knew.

The strong arms of Wapara lessened the distance between himself and Noweeka, and, at last, the two canoes were side by side. With deer-thongs the warrior bound the canoes together, and then clasped Noweeka in his arms.

"Together Noweeka and Wapara will go to the Great Spirit," said the doomed maiden.

"Yes," said Wapara; "without Noweeka, Wapara could not live; with her he can die."

Breathlessly the savages waited for the death-song of the couple, for they saw that Wapara was not going to attempt a rescue. It would have been futile, for they were in the rapids, and human might could not extricate them.

At last the death-song reached the ears of the assembled of the confederacy. It came in harmonious accents from the lips of the doomed:

"Great Spirit, receive Wapara and Noweeka, Let them dwell with thee forever; They have lived and loved, Take them to thy lodges In the happy hunting-grounds."

Thus chanting their death-song, and clasped in each other's arms, they were borne on, and, at last, disappeared in the sheet of water that poured continually over the verge of the falls.

Never again were they seen. Their bodies were not recovered, and the Indians believed that the Great Spirit had taken them from the water to his abode.

Noweeka was the last sacrificial offering to the Spirit of Niagara, for the great prophet of the confederacy declared that the double sacrifice had appeased the spirit, and the custom was abolished.

Old Keonomah did not long survive his daughter, for a week after her tragic death

he fell asleep in his lodge, to wake on earth no more.

If my story is a sad one, reader, it is not my fault; for I have told it as it came from the lips of one of the few living representatives of the once mighty Seneca nation.

Cruiser Crusoe!

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

It would be difficult to say how long my senses remained in this state of utter unconsciousness, but at all events it was some time, for when my hearing returned it was growing dark. A grateful shower had conducted to the saving of my life, by cooling the atmosphere.

But I was, though hearing distinctly, and looking out on the vast plain, unable to move my head, so fearfully did it ache. Then came wafted to me some singular sound, and I saw afar off, as I thought, something circling round. It was a wild beast. Now it halts, now it gazes about—and now—

My God! it is, it is my own friend and companion, my dog! Again I sunk fainting in something like a delirium of joy. When, after about five minutes, my senses once more returned, they were bending over me, on that desolate plain, my dog, my wolf, the puppies, and my zebra, who smelt at my seeming dead body with an interest which it was hard to believe.

Hark! What comes with clattering hoof and quick step? This must rouse me. I glance upward. It is the Indian girl, who runs in her stunted pony, and gliding to the ground, raises my burning head onto her knees, and chases my temples with some alcoholic mixture. Then noticing my parched tongue, she squeezed some into it, which enabled me to speak.

"God bless you!" I murmured, unconsciously that she understood me not.

She made some indistinct reply, and then a tear, a tear of womanly sympathy and tenderness, fell upon my burning cheek.

I could but press my lips to her hand, for I had no power to do else, and then once more my weakness overcame me, and I became insensible. I can never ascertain now what time elapsed ere this fainting-fit was over, but when it did subside, the sight that met my view was indeed gratifying.

I was seated astride of the zebra, while she walked beside, supporting me with her left hand, while her right guided her own horse. My dogs were close at hand, and then we were under the shade of deep green trees that shaded out that hot, burning sun, which had been one of the causes of my severe illness. I did not attempt to speak. It would have been useless, for though we were both human, our tongues were different, and we did not understand one another.

The caravan soon halted, and being assisted to alight—how I had held on was a mystery—my island home was before me. She had traveled thither in search of me, and finding, from the state of my animals, how long I had been absent, had fed them and let them loose. But her own kindness to them induced them not to stray, so that when she took the return trail to search for me, they all remained with her, and thus were instrumental in finding me.

The horse and zebra were placed in their enclosure, and were welcomed by the younger animals with great delight. Then the old mare was close at hand, and then we were under the shade of deep green trees that shaded out that hot, burning sun, which had been one of the causes of my severe illness. I did not attempt to speak. It would have been useless, for though we were both human, our tongues were different, and we did not understand one another.

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ADDRESS TO A DEFUNCT CANINE.

BY W. W. POTTER.

So there ye lie, stiff in the gutter.
Bull, pointer, black-and-tan—what matter?
It doesn't make your case the better.
How proud your mark;
Death's pulled your pedigree to tatters,
And swamped your bark.

No doubt your corpse, now puffed and thick-set,
That vagrant boys throw dirt and bricks at,
And those grim teeth, where mutton sticks yet,
Could tell a story.
(It they in proper form could fix it)
Of canine glory.

Lord knows how many cats you've worried,
How many ducks and chickens skinned,
How many cold collars buried.

In chips and dirt—
To eat when you, all weak and flurried,
Returned from "court."

Were you an "honorable Brutus,
Attending strictly to your duties?
Then ye were rare—for mighty few 'tis
The virtuous keep;
Most dogs suck eggs—such their reputa—is—
And some kill sheep.

I trust you weren't a living luncheon,
For fleas and other guests to manch on,
Hop-scoch awhile, then bore and punch on.
And you debase—

Till your own back you'd fiercely crunch on.
After a sharp chasm-chase.

Were you an honest country Towner?
Or swill-eat' steed? or market browser?
Or watch-dog keen? or stupid houser?
Or else instead,

One of that pack whose sharp bow-wows are
Mytly dread?

How did the King of Terriers catch you?
Did he in amorous strife o'ermatch you?
Or some policeman's "locust" fetch you?

A fatal wife?
Or vengeful Biddy's broomstick stretch you?
As dead as tripe?

Though still that heart which death hath lanced,
Though stiff those limbs which gayly pranced,
Might one more question be advanced.

Ere I forsake ye?

How have the sausage-makers chanced
To overlook ye?

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Love among the Grizzlies.

"Now, then, Pete, it's your turn for a story," said old Bill Wilson, as we sat around the little fire, out in the midst of the "Staked Plains." We had come on a hunting expedition, in quest of any adventure, however dangerous, so long as it was exciting; and certainly the midst of the "Llano Estacado" was the place of all others to meet with adventure. Game was plenty, and so were Indians. The former generally brings the latter.

We had so far succeeded in keeping out of sight of the Indians, and our trail differed little from that of the wild mustangs, our horses being unshod.

This evening we all felt in good spirits, and sat around our little fire of "buffalo chips," which we had made in a hole in the ground, till pretty late.

There were six of us all told. Bullard, Weston and myself were the "greenhorns," as the old mountain-men called us, although we were old Texans, and considered ourselves by no means green. Then there was a wandering Englishman, named Sir John Wellstead, one of the queerest mortals I ever laid eyes on. Not in looks, for he was a handsome fellow enough, like one of the "heavy swells" you see in "Punch." But he seemed to have no more idea of the difference between the "Llano Estacado" and Hyde Park than if none existed. He had engaged an old mountain-man, of the name of Bill Wilson, at Galveston. The contract was that old Bill was to see him across the "Staked Plains" and into Santa Fe in safety; that he was to show him at least a hundred buffaloes, and was to keep him clear of all Indian fights. This compact had so far been kept, and old Bill was to receive five hundred dollars for his services when Sir John arrived safe at Santa Fe.

The Englishman was dressed in complete English sporting toggery, of black velvetine with knickerbockers and long gaiters; and carried a beautiful double-barreled breech-loader, of London manufacture.

The other member of our party was old Pete Wilkins, a complete specimen of the mountain-man, with a huge, grizzled beard, and long, bushy hair.

As Wilson addressed him he scratched his head.

"Waal, boys, I *mout* tell you a heap o' stories, but they'd be all o' the one-kind, yer see. Injuns, b'ars, and buffaloes, and a wheen o' painters an' such like, is what I *c'w'd* tell yer on as well as most fellers. But, ye've all heard them many a time, an' I'm *c'ema* most sick on 'em myself. Besides, ye'll see all the Injuns an' b'ars as ye'll *want* to see afore long, on my name ain't Pete. But, I'll tell ye what yer never *will* see, an' I don't expect myself ter see it ag'in, an' that is, two he-grizzlies a-chawin' o' one another up about a she-grizzly."

"Tell us about that, Pete—tell us about that!" exclaimed two or three, in a breath.

"Waal, boys, 'tain't every feller as *kin* say he's seen such a sight. Not but I *s'pose* it often happens. All animals is more or less given to fighting about the sites. Men, theirsevles, ain't free from it. I remember one time gettin' into a scrimmage, 'way down in Houston, 'bout a gal. Twar in the old times, before Houston war as much o' a place as it is now, an' the Greasers used to be about as thick as our fellers. She war a sweet little creeter, an' her name war Rosita Domna Rosita de Palabera y Sacrificios y Gomez y—"

"Oh, stow that gab, Pete," remarked Bill Wilson. "Who the devil believes that 're? Why, all the Spanish you, or I know mout be put in a pipe, an' twouldn't be tasted in the terbacker no more nor nawthen."

"Waal, Bill Wilson, be you a-tellin' this story or be I? 'Cause ef *yer* want to do it I'll shut up."

"Oh, no, go ahead, Pete, go ahead I chorused we."

"Pray, be kind enough—aw—to continue—aw—your wewy interesting remarks—aw—Mr. Wilkins," drawled the English baron.

"Waal, Sir John, seein' as it's you, I'll go on, but of that all-fired-cuss of a Bill Wilson puts in his jaw ag'in, I'm kerflummoxed of I'll tell the story."

"Whar war I? Oh, about Rosita? Not that shear' got any thin' to do with the story, only I was just-a-sayin' that fellers will get ter chawin' one another up 'bout winmin,

just like the beasts; and that 'ere girl she got me inter a muss as I didn't get out of in a hurry."

"How was that, Mr. Wilkins?" inquired Sir John.

"Why, yer see, that 'twar at a fandango, an' I'd taken her thar to have a reg'lar b'ast. I'd just come from the plains with a load o' pets, an' I had more money 'n a horse could eat. So I picks up Rosita, an' I guess I *c'w'd* 'd done it to any o' them as I wanted ter. Any way, she got into a muss with another gal, as cum with a rich ranchero, as they call 'em down there, an' just this I knowed, that war ha'-r-chawin' going on. But, that other gal weighed 'bout thirty pound more nor Rosita, an' she was a-gettin' the best of her, when I cum to the rescue an' grabbed her by the wrists, so I made her holler bloody murder. The ranchero ne draws his knife an' cum for me; but, I tell yer he got the wust of it. Then there war a free fight all round, an' I got pretty near spiled afore they'd done. But, I laid out the ranchero an' two other Greasers, an' got home with Rosita."

"So, yer see, fellers fights about gals pretty often, in fact more often nor any thin' else."

"But, that 'ere arn't I what I started to tell yer. 'Twar about them two grizzlies, as I see'd a-fightin' 'bout a she-b'ar, way out on the mountains, near Spanish Peak."

"Twar right arter that bu'st as I've told you on. I'd had a heap o' money, but I tell yer, boys, ef you want to get rid o' money quick, just go to drinkin' an' playin' three card monte an' keepin' a gal inter the bargain. I tell *ye* it flies! In less nor a week I hadn't got a darned cent, and then that 'er gal, Rosita, she goes an' takes up with another feller!"

"Waal, yer see what it is, boys, them wimmin is deceivin' creeters."

"Mr. Wilkins—aw—you're quite—aw—a philosopher—aw," observed the Englishman, approvingly.

"Don't know what that are is, Sir John, but I *s'pose* it's sumthin' good or *you* wouldn't say it."

"Waal, boys, I thort I mout as well pull up stakes an' vanoose the rancho after my gal had left me, so I clears out, unbeknownst to anybody in Houston, saddles my old hoss, an' starts right on this here very track we're a-goin' now."

"You ask how it was that I became lame—quoth my friend, James Mortrey, filling his glass with the amber-hued Hochheimer, and then, sipping it deliberately, he resumed.

"You are right; I was not so from my birth, and it only dates back to the year '52.

"That's all, boys. Now, then, Billy Wilson, you all-fired old blower you, g'n' in one o' yer own."

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"You ask how it was that I became lame—quoth my friend, James Mortrey, filling his glass with the amber-hued Hochheimer, and then, sipping it deliberately, he resumed.

"You are right; I was not so from my birth, and it only dates back to the year '52.

"That's all, boys. Now, then, Billy Wilson, you all-fired old blower you, g'n' in one o' yer own."

"Waal, yer see what it is, boys, them wimmin is deceivin' creeters."

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